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"Of Other Days"

In memory I love to walk the lane

With borders verdant in the Irish way.

For in the freshness of a summer day
Are buttercups and daisies, which the rain
Has kissed to dainty loveliness again.

Here foxgloves ring their bells for us to stay.

In such a place the Irish fairies play
Where beauty binds them with a golden chain.

A graciousness as coming from on high

Enchants the spirit till it opens wide

Its casements, as the petals of a rose
Unfold their inner sweetness to the sky.

The Irish lane upon the countryside

Were path to peace and highway to repose.

—By Mickey McGuire

"WHILE A CIGARETTE BURNED"

By RAY KOONTZ

THEY sat around the palm-sheltered table in a secluded corner of Jack Kerrigan's exclusive Villa Rosa Night Club, but they paid no attention whatever to the blaring notes of the orchestra or to the elaborate floor show beneath the flickering fingers of criss-crossing spotlights. They were all known in some circles; and, as it had been said, too well known in others. They had been dubbed by the news hounds as "ultra-modern racketeers."

They had been born and nurtured in their profession during the great prohibition era, and now, since repeal had robbed them of their chance to make an "honest" living, they had turned their talents to a new calling which brought them into an even more intimate contact with the "400" via the snatch route, "kidnaping" to you.

Since the hand that threw the monkey wrench into the corrupt prohibition machine neglected to provide an outlet for the talents of its alumni, these three, and others like them, had modernized this ancient form of banditry. So, in spite of the collapse of their well-organized racket, one could hardly say that any one of the trio had suffered long from unemployment. They certainly were dressed expensively enough, although one could see from the appearance of two of them that clothes do not make the man.

At the left sat Ricardi, the Italian, his five feet ten inches of dynamic personality galvanized by the emotional stimulus he sought to express—gesticulating earnestly and punctuating his statements with erratic shakes of the curly black hair that topped his swarthy features.

Directly across from Ricardi, but sitting so as to face the third man was the "Turtle." He got his name from the

fact that his bullet-shaped, close-cropped head always seemed about to recede and disappear into the depths between his hunched shoulders. Just now that head was thrust forward aggressively as the Turtle endeavored to pound home some long-pent-up ideas. He was emphasizing his argument with pointed jabs of a smoldering cigar butt clamped between the strong, stubby fingers of one hamlike hand. And the third man, "Dapper" Doyle, the brains of the Petello mob, listened.

Doyle was good looking in a cold, hard sort of way—keen eyes, slick, glossy hair, his well-built figure attired in a neat-fitting, double-breasted business suit. Despite his wide experience he was still in his late thirties and glad the prohibition racket was over. Between the law and the competition, one didn't live long in that game. As he listened complacently to the other two, the ends of his tight-lipped mouth lifted in what might be called a smile.

Several times when the Turtle or Ricardi paused, Dapper Doyle's only contribution to the interlude was a lift of the shoulders, a shrug completed with a deft flick that knocked the accumulated ash from the end of his cigarette. At last he spoke:

"Sure, I know. But what if I am the brains behind Petello? The rest of the mob doesn't know that, and besides the boss has enough on most of the boys to send them up for keeps, and they know it. All most of them know and care is that he's the guy that pays them off and keeps them out of stir, at least as long as he has a use for them.

"Most of them hate him plenty, but as long as he pulls the strings they'll have to jump and like it. The mob's funny that way. One thing they won't stand for is a double cross. Sure, if I'm going to control the mob, it will have to be by eliminating Petello, but I can't do it by double-crossing him. Get me?"

He leaned back in his chair. Once more that fleeting smile—a lift of the shoulders. "And that's not so easy, is it?"

For a long moment there was silence while Doyle subjected the cigarette, poised at the tips of his over-manicured fingers, to a careful scrutiny. It was nearly half consumed.

"For instance," he mused aloud, "let's say this cigarette is Petello. See how it burns? A little slow, maybe, but it doesn't last long. Sooner or later we see the end of Petello, too, but until then we take his orders—all of them. Get me?"

Ricardi snorted disdainfully. The Turtle stifled a protest by clamping his teeth viciously into his cigar.

"Remember, boys," the dapper one went on, "no double-crossing. We take our orders from Petello until he is—."

"His fingers tightened almost imperceptibly, and the cigarette curved slightly beneath the pressure.

"O. K., Dapper," said the Italian, "but I sure hate to see a smart guy like you—oh, what's the use?"

The Turtle interrupted impatiently: "All right, Ricardi; let's drop it. What I want to know, Dapper, is what's the idea of us meeting you here? What's up your sleeve?"

For the first time during the conversation Dapper Doyle dropped his air of nonchalance and leaned forward. Three heads came together. It was Dapper speaking again, but now his voice was low and intense:

"You remember the time Rocky Martin was killed when Petello messed up that Temple job?"

The other two nodded. One of them cursed.

"Petello wasn't as smart as he thought he was and snatched the wrong girl. When he found out his mistake, he wanted to bump the kid off to keep her mouth shut, but Martin held out against it. Martin wasn't soft, but Rocky's own

kid was just about the same age, and he was looking from the other angle. He insisted on taking the girl back home.

"Petello wouldn't have let any one else get away with it, but he's been crazy about Mary Martin for years and didn't want the old man to get down on him any more than he was. Rocky always had been thumbs down on Petello where Mary was concerned.

"Well, you know the story. The cops were tipped off and Rocky got it from all sides as he left the house after returning the girl. He never had a chance. It looked like just plain tough luck, but Mary still insists some one framed him and has sworn to get even with whoever it was that did the double-crossing.

"The poor kid's been down in the dumps ever since it happened, and big-hearted Petello's been playing the friend in need. He's been rushing her plenty and putting on all the pressure with flowers every day and all that stuff. The big ape seems to think the kid ought to be tickled to death that a big shot like him would even give her a tumble. He's been giving her the line that he'll do anything in the world to make her happy—all she has to do is whistle.

"Well, yesterday morning Mary Martin whistled for the first time and to the tune of five grand. She hinted about a personal grudge, and she's need that much money and one of his best rods to settle it for her. Petello was kind of surprised, because Mary, like her dad, had always been nix on the rough stuff; but he paid off and sent her to me with a note—I was to do *anything* she wanted done.

"The boss kicked a little because she wouldn't give him the details and let him handle it, but he figured she had at least given him a break, and the big lug acted like a school kid in love. He wore a flower in his buttonhole for the first time in his life and passed out cigars to the boys."

The Turtle glanced sheepishly at the cold stub in his

hand, then his massive fingers jabbed it fiercely into the ash-tray at his elbow.

Dapper Doyle had paused in his narrative to look at his cigarette closely. The roll of tobacco was now three-quarters gone. Noting this, he shifted it to the tips of his fingers and continued:

“Mary Martin met me at the train this noon and told me her story. She knew that Rocky Martin and I had been pals and that she could trust me. She knew also that Petello would send her to me, and that was just what she wanted. She’d worked a long time to get it, but it took her about ten minutes to prove to me that she had the straight dope on how Martin was framed and who framed him. She offered me Petello’s five grand to rub the rat out.”

Through half-lidded eyes, Dapper Doyle caught the quick glance that flashed between the Turtle and Ricardi, then went on:

“I told her to keep the cash because I knew she needed it more than I did, and, besides, Petello’s note ordered me to do *whatever* she wanted done.

“As soon as she left me, just to be sure it was O. K. with Petello, I beat it out to the airport and caught him as he was hopping off for a run over to Boston on that Greyson job.

“I asked him if he meant what he said in the note, because Mary might not be sure of what she was doing. If he hadn’t got so nasty about it, the way he blew up would have been really funny. He cussed me ’til he was blue in the face and asked me how long since I had the right to question his orders with regard to Mary Martin. He warned me that if I wanted to stay healthy, I’d do as I was told and keep my mouth shut. Well, that’s all I wanted to know.” Doyle’s left hand absently caressed a faintly bruised spot.

"But I thought—" ejaculated Ricardi.

Dapper Doyle cut him short. "We're not paid to think, Ricardi; we're paid to obey orders."

"And you turned down the five G's?" gasped the astonished Turtle.

For the first time, Dapper's smile disclosed the tips of his gleaming white teeth. "Listen, boys," he said, "there's a funny angle to this job that makes it a real pleasure. It was so good I just had to let you in on it. I knew you'd appreciate it. Well, I've got to scram. I've got a date with the boss at the airport in thirty minutes. He's getting back from Boston."

Doyle rose to his feet. Ricardi and the Turtle rose also. The Italian stepped close to Dapper Doyle. "Who's the finger on, Dapper?"

The dapper gangster turned slowly and peered intently into the faces of his friends. Still smiling slightly, he held up his cigarette. The other two riveted their eyes on that smoldering roll. It had burned almost to the tips of the slender fingers that held it. Dapper's glittering eyes never left his companions' faces for a moment as, with studied deliberation, he dropped the cigarette to the floor and carefully ground it into the tile with his heel.

He turned and slowly and carefully wended his way through the maze of tables and crossed the dance floor. He rewarded the check girl's pleasant smile with a generous tip, paused to tilt his hat at its usual jaunty angle, and disappeared out through the door into the night.

As he passed into the dark of the doorway, the light of comprehension lit the faces of the two who were still standing by the table.

Slow-witted Turtle, grinning vacantly, muttered but one word, "Cripes."

A BOOK AGAINST A STATUE

By NORMA ROBERTSON

IT is not unusual in reading histories or biographies to discover that a book may be a source of inspiration to an individual in attaining his goal in life. It is unusual, however, to learn that a book may be so injurious to the character and beliefs of an individual that his life is visibly hurt by it.

Why are we surprised to find danger in reading? Perhaps it is because we have developed an idealized conception of books, a viewpoint tracing back to the day when books were rare and precious. We accept them as the products of the human mind and the heritage of society. From childhood we have them thrust upon us for pleasure and for instruction. We are urged to read widely, but seldom are we urged to be careful in our selection. We have neglected to realize that a philosophy embodied in a book will react directly upon our own beliefs. It may alter or strengthen our convictions. It may present ideas about which we have not as yet formulated convictions. Thus, a book really becomes an instrument for propaganda, capable of changing, or at least coloring, the reader's outlook on life.

Youth is most affected by what it reads. The young are searching for truth, for principles upon which they may build; but the unusual, the unorthodox also beckons invitingly. It is thrilling to keep abreast with the "advanced" thought of the day, and that thought may so easily be twisted into the resemblance of truth. The problem calls for discrimination in the selection of reading material. There need be no suggestion of moral weakness, no admission of instability in the practice of discrimination. Rather a lack of discrimination gives rise to inner conflicts and irrational ideas.

How clearly we can follow the havoc created in the life of George Eliot, the Victorian novelist, when she failed to discern the truth and chose, instead, to play with ideas stimulating to thought but destructive to belief.

Born into a respectable, commonplace family, Eliot was from childhood reared in the unlovely straightness of a narrow country community. The child was subject in a marked degree to religious influences of a violently emotional nature. She had a passionate, eager longing for perfection which no one in her family understood. As a result, she lived in the darkness of her own immature and undigested ideas; and she developed a corrosive conviction that self-conscious renunciation of all ordinary pleasures was the only conduct for Christians. From her solitary and sheltered position, she regarded amusements, light reading, personal pride as snares with which wickedness sought to entrap society; and, fanatically, she tried to convert others to her narrow doctrines.

But the years of Eliot's youth were eventful ones for the society which she so despised. The Oxford Movement, now well under way, was having momentous effects upon England's religious life. People were reading Carlyle and were soon to read Darwin. Science had made great progress and old ideas were tottering. It was impossible for Eliot, a sensitive and extremely intellectual girl, to live in such an age without being profoundly influenced by it. The spirit of thoughtfulness and inquiry awoke within her just as it does in everyone. At this formative period, when she so needed guidance, the family moved to Coventry, the center of fashionable nationalism. Here she was thrown into intimate contact with a group of intellectuals of unorthodox views, who indulged in reckless speculations and suggested doubts easier to raise than to allay. Finding the companionship for which she had longed, Eliot allowed their insinuating skepticism to ferment her own thoughts. It was not then

difficult to persuade her to undertake a translation of the German text, *Life of Jesus*, written by David Strauss.

The two years spent in translating this work was a period of emotional upheaval and mental depression. Those who have read Strauss must have some slight conception of the effect his analytical dissection of the foundations of Christianity would have on a lonely, intense young woman. Moreover the seeds of his desolating criticism fell upon a mind already prepared to receive them. That she made a struggle to retain her old beliefs, we know by the fact that she kept Thorwaldsen's famous sculpture of Christ before her continually and was wont to gaze upon it for inspiration and comfort. Yet, she emerged from the translating confirmed in her unbelief. She ceased to believe in the miracles of Christianity. She believed herself freed from the impressive thralldom of creeds. Naturally, her vague deism developed a negative side, and she swung to the opposite extreme of her childhood fervor. She now urged that the only salvation for man was the salvation he wrought for himself in his strict adherence to the highest ethical standards which he knew. She insisted on the irreparable consequence of human error and allowed no escape for the sinner. How could there be escape when there was no immortality?

With this newly gained sense of freedom, George Eliot accepted a position on the staff of the *Westminster Review*, a radical magazine of the day. Here we find her editorials and reviews colored by her enthusiasm for "free-thinking." With her unconventional union with George Henry Lewes, she made the final break with the past and set about to live her life according to her new principles. Success came to her as a novelist, the devotion of Lewes was gratifying to her; but she did not find happiness. Instead, she lived under a cloud. Depressions, to which she had always been subject, became more intense. Always, she felt that she must justify

her relation with Lewes by her literary contributions to humanity. Without fully realizing it, Eliot was still groping in darkness for fundamental truths.

Momentary enthusiasms are characteristic of the remainder of her life. She explored the philosophy of Comte, found it to her liking and became an ardent member of the small band of English Positivists. She flirted with Catholicism and might have found peace had she not passed on to new emotional experiences. As a result of her numerous excursions into varying philosophies, she became the literary herald of the "Religion of Humanity" in which collective humanity becomes the new Divinity to which all duty and allegiance is to be transferred. Thus she was the beginner of new things, to be followed by Hardy and all the rest of the puzzling probers into the soul and circumstances of man.

In after years, when she had had the experience of life, when she had found her vocation and could view her success in its proper perspective, she cast many a backward glance over her experiences with pity and possibly with some contempt. After the storms of youth were over, it was possible to assume a more moderate outlook upon life. She was now less ready to dogmatize. The world-old questions were again making themselves heard in her heart. She termed her new concept of life "meliorism." Life could now be faced in all its evil, but she had confidence in its progress toward the better. Her sympathy was still with Man, and Heaven was only the vision of an ideal. But she made one confession. She stated that however the Christian legends may be exploded as mythical, the sayings of Christ, the self-sacrifice of Christ, the humanity of Christ, the compassion of Christ must enter as elements into any theory of religion that is to govern the future. With this view she most closely approached the truth for which she had searched so long. Wasted years of doubt, depression, and despair had left their lasting impression, and

she approached death without expectation—but with curiosity.

Whether George Eliot regretted her fruitless search we do not know. We do know how difficult is the admission of failure, and so we are inclined to read into her life our own opinion. We cannot say that she would have lived a different life had she never translated Strauss. We can only note that the translation gave a marked impetus to her unorthodox principles. We would prefer to think that we were able to examine false doctrines and return unharmed to our basic beliefs, but can we do it? Can we—even with a Thorwaldsen statue on our desk?

416 VINTON STREET

By EDNA BUCHHOLZ

ELIZABETH drew off her coat and hat and threw them on a chair. She sat down on the sofa looking at the envelope she held in her hand. She was very slight and young in her black dress which was the one dark spot in the whole room. The drapes, the rugs, and furniture were of a mulberry shade.

"Dad liked my sitting room," she thought. And then came that other thought, "He isn't my Dad—not really."

She looked at the envelope again. Today for the first time she learned that Jonathan Dobbs was not really her father. She could still hear the judge reading the will.

"I bequeath to my adopted daughter, Elizabeth, my entire estate."

Here in her hand she had a letter from Dad telling how he had adopted her twenty years ago when his wife died at childbirth; how her father and mother had offered her to him because they had too many mouths to feed. All these years he had kept in contact with them so that he could tell her that they lived here in New York. He gave her the address, 416 Vinton Street.

What were they like? Why had they given up their own flesh and blood? A thousand questions pounded at her. Should she go to see them? Dad had said in his letter that she must make her own decision about that. He said, too, that she must remember that her parents were not the kind of people she had met during her lifetime. They had lived a life of poverty. What did he mean?

416 Vinton Street—she knew about where that was. She had worked near there at a health center sponsored by the

Junior League. Dirty, filthy, ragged people came there for treatment. What if her parents had been among them? She remembered one man who was suffering from malnutrition because he had given his share of the family food to his children. Then there were others suffering from dope, drunkenness, and disease. What if one of them was her father or mother? Could she accept them?

Today she had inherited the Dobbs fortune, but she had lost the one person whom she really loved. Dead dad. He had been so good to her, sending her to the best schools, giving her anything she wished. Now, he was gone and she had found he really wasn't her father. She had a mother and father alive here in New York.

She rang for the butler.

"Please have Tim bring my car around."

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth."

She pulled on her coat and walked down the stairs and out to the driveway.

"Do you wish me to drive?" the chauffeur asked looking at her anxiously.

"No, I'll drive myself, Tim."

She started down the driveway. That address was quite far. Maybe she should tell Jane Drew about this. Jane was her best and only good friend. They had grown up together. But no, Dad's letter had asked her to make her own decision.

She was nearing the address now. Ragged children played tag in the streets; washings hung from firescape to firescape. Hundreds of windows meant hundreds of rooms in which families lived crowded together.

Here it was—416 Vinton Street. It was just like all the others. The windows stared down at her. Anyone of

those might be her mother and father's home. She felt the same repulsion toward the children who gathered round her car, as she had felt at the health center. A woman came out of the apartment house. She was fat, her clothes were torn, and her hair hung about her face.

Elizabeth looked at her. "What if that were my mother?" she thought. "I'd be ashamed to have my friends meet her." She honked the horn at the children near the car and drove down the street, a lump in her throat.

She drove quickly to Jane's. She'd give a party. She'd play golf, tennis, swim and dance. She'd forget about it. She stopped in front of the Drew home, quickly mounted the stairs, and rang the door bell.

"Is Miss Jane home?" she asked the butler with her brightest smile.

"She's up in her room, Miss Elizabeth. You may go up."

She ascended the stairs with a physical buoyancy that she didn't feel and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

Elizabeth entered the room. Clothes were strewn all around and a girl with a Dresden-doll beauty bent over a suitcase. "Hello, Elizabeth," she said as she straightened up slowly. Her face showed traces of tears.

"Why, Jane, what is the matter?"

"I'm going to visit my grandmother to find some peace," Jane answered bitterly.

"But why?" asked Elizabeth. "I thought you were going to Florida with your mother and father."

Jane sat down in the chair and shook her blond head as though to clear it. "I might as well tell you. It will be in the morning papers anyway. Mother and Dad are getting a divorce."

"Divorce," Elizabeth echoed. That couldn't be. She had always thought Jane's parents were the ideal couple. They were so nice looking, so well poised.

"Yes, a divorce." Jane said with a finality that was disheartening. "Mother goes to Reno tomorrow."

"But why?" questioned Elizabeth. "There must be some good reason."

"Oh, there is a reason, but I don't think you would call it a good one. Mother has fallen for some young man about my age. Because of the money involved, of course, he wants to marry her. This has been going on quite sometime. Dad refused her a divorce at first, but now that he has found someone to soothe his feelings he is plenty willing to give her one."

Her voice broke, "Oh, Elizabeth, you don't know the hell I've gone through. If only my mother and father would go back together again. But they won't."

Elizabeth slipped her arm around Jane's waist, "Well you have your grandmother to go to, Jane."

"That is the one thing I have to be thankful for. I couldn't stay here in New York and watch my mother and father. It's going to be lonely, but not as lonely as living in a house with a mother and father who speak to each other only when someone else is around."

Thoughts ran riot through Elizabeth's mind. Why poverty wasn't bad after all. Her mother and father had given her up because they were too poor to feed her. Jane's father and mother gave her up for the pursuit of their own pleasure. Her mother and father must be still living together, even if they had to struggle for their existence. Suddenly the whole picture became clear.

The telephone jingled.

"I'll leave you to the phone now, Jane. I have something very important to do." She walked down the stairs and out to the car.

PATES, PERUKES, AND PERIWIGS

HELEN L. TAYLOR

(Editor's Note. The same short story that is read eagerly when it appears in *Collier's* or *The Saturday Evening Post* lies forgotten when printed in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories* or O. Henry's *Memorial Award* series. It isn't quite logical that the setting should mean as much as the jewel or the frame as the picture, but logic doesn't rule us too strongly when we turn to reading as a distraction from daily life.

To give color or background or sales appeal to the literature taken in "The Age of Johnson" class, the dress, habits, and diversions of the people of the age were studied; and papers such as this one budded forth. Won't the works of Johnson, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and the rest charm you the more after you have read the following paper than they did before? No, no, don't answer yet! Not until you solve the puzzle of why an age that wouldn't allow an extra foot in a line of verse, added three extra feet to a woman's hat; why a man who wore red heels and used lipstick should frown at an author who betrayed emotion in his romances.)

* * * *

THE dress of the eighteenth century for both men and women was very elaborate and expensive, and, to our way of thinking, quite ridiculous. The striking contrasts between the outlandish costumes of the fashionable fop of that time and the standard, conventional suits men wear today, as well as the contrast between the cumbersome wigs and hoopskirts of the women then and the very brief modes women wear today on street, ballroom, or beach, make us realize that people down through the ages must be getting more common sense. But all through the eighteenth century, from its beginning to near its end when the French revolution brought simpler fashions, the clothes of the people of England were elaborate, over-ornamented, and expensive.

The dress, however, was in keeping with the artificiality of polite society. Fashions changed then as rapidly as they do now, and the good people of that time even criticized, as now, the low cut of dresses and enormous hoopskirts.

People felt that they lived in an age of great refinement, notwithstanding the fact that underneath their veneer of polish there was great inconvenience, vice, and brutality. In fact, one author says that women were physically incapable of riding or hunting with the hard-riding, hard-drinking, and hard-swearing men. The men did not seem to know how to be moderate at all. Even in their dress, and dress is usually a woman's realm, men really outshone the fair sex. Notice this little excerpt from Boas and Hahn's *Social Backgrounds of England*:

Men wore elaborate powdered wigs, cocked hats, neckcloths, fine ruffled shirts, waistcoats—which young men wore open, the better to display their ruffles—brightly colored longcoats, silk breeches, stockings of various colors, and fine shoes, often with red heels.

I like to imagine the expression on the face of a dandy, dressed like that, mincing down a London thoroughfare, bowing formally to people of importance, and stepping into a mud puddle on the narrow, ill-paved, and crowded street. Swift tells us about some occurrences of those streets in the following:

You'll sometimes meet a Fop of Nicest Tread,
Whose mantling Peruke veils his empty head;
At ev'ry step he dreads the Wall to lose,
And risques, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes;
Him like the Miller, pass with Caution by,
Lest from his Shoulders Clouds of Powder fly.

A sudden shower and the danger to a suit that cost between three hundred and five hundred guineas (a waistcoat alone cost upwards of fifty guineas) must have produced consternation even in an empty-headed fop. His precious head, however, would probably be the last part of him to get wet. For on it he wore a wig, and an immense, full-

bottomed one which was hot and heavy. From Queen Anne's time on through the century wigs were worn by both sexes. And a man with a wig and the tight clothes that were worn with it had to

walk slowly or drive in a coach if there was a high wind. He could not play tennis or fence or ride to hounds in one of these monstrosities. If he played or hunted he often enveloped his bare head in a nightcap, or wore caps with flaps over his ears. The wig was discarded at a duel, and the cavalry in Marlborough's battles lost their wigs at the commencement of the charge.*

The older and more elaborate periwigs cost fifty pounds, an enormous sum in those days. No wonder that during a highway holdup the robber snatched the wig as the easiest and most valuable thing to steal. No man could wear a hat on such a creation, and so carried his hat under his arm. When the wig became too old-fashioned for the master to wear, he gave it to the coachman who, after wearing it some time longer, gave it finally to the shoeblack, for nothing was quite so efficacious as a wig for polishing shoes.

Why did men wear such uncomfortable and expensive things as wigs? Ah, wigs did have their advantages! They concealed many a head of grey hair and many a one without any hair at all, and so presented the wearer, no matter what his age, as a man in the prime of life. Also, in an age when dirt and vermin were everywhere, the outlandish creations protected the head from pests even though insects lived in the wigs. Possibly it was the insects, a little later on, that caused the men to powder their hair, another messy and unhygienic habit.

*This and following quotations not otherwise assigned, are from *Eighteenth Century London Life* by Bayne-Powell.

The headdress of the women was equally interesting as the following paragraph from the "*Spectator*" shows:

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's headdress. Within my own memory I have known it to rise and fall thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species was much taller than the male. The women were of such enormous stature that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a measure dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five feet.

Roofs had to be taken off sedan chairs to admit the ladies. Addison tells us that although these headdresses went out of fashion for a while they came in again "in all their glory and horror" later in the century.

Bayne-Powell, quoting *The Times* of 1795, says that:

"A young lady only ten feet high was overset in one of the late gales of wind in Portland Place, and the upper mast of her feather blown upon Hampstead Hill." She had been wearing, no doubt, one of those immense erections of wool and horsehair and false curls, overlaid with a paste of powder, ornamented with flower gardens, men-of-war, postchaises, or birds of paradise.

The worry of wearing such a headdress did not end when the lady returned home; in fact, it really began then. The time involved in constructing such an edifice was so great that few women could afford redressings each day, and so, at night, had to lie with them in cases where even the mice got at them. A little girl once amused herself in church by watching a mouse peek in and out of the headdress of the

lady in front of her! In 1777 the Society of Arts offered a prize for the most elegant and useful mousetrap for the pillow. The pretty little silver trap which won the contest was sold to the ladies at three guineas. Women also used silver wire nightcaps which were "so strong no mouse or even rat could gnaw through them."

The hats which the Gainsborough and Reynolds pictures portray were of a size comparable to the headdresses. And as if that were not enough on the top of a poor head, the fashionable milliners put several immense ostrich plumes on the hat! Mary Moser, the artist, wrote to a friend "to come to London and admire our plumes; we sweep the sky. A duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milkmaid one at each corner of her hat."

Now that we have discussed wigs and headdress sufficiently to admire Robert Burns' restraint when he put nothing larger than a flea on milady's bonnet, let us briefly discuss the rest of the costume of the period.

In *Social Backgrounds of England* we read:

The dandy, beau, or macaroni of the day wore not one but two massive, loudly-ticking watches. His satin coat was often faced with silk of a contrasting or more delicate shade. At throat and wrists he wore a fall of lace. His waistcoat was usually gayer and more handsomely contrived than his coat. Upon the manner in which he tied his stock might often depend the extent of his social prestige!

Men flouted nosegays of artificial flowers and carried muffs, though they laughed at a man once who was so effeminate as to carry an umbrella. They even padded their calves if these were too lean. During the Seven Years War of the middle of the century there were advertised "Campaign boxes for officers fitted with eau-de-luce, rouge,

perfumed pomatum, powder puffs, lip salve, and ivory eyebrow combs." Many men and women died as the result of using cosmetics because of the white lead they contained. Doctors did warn against its use, but the fashion continued.

Small waists were fashionable and women wore tight corsets which they laced up cruelly to obtain a smaller waist than nature meant them to have. There must have been many, many scenes in London of that day very similar to the one in *Gone With the Wind* in which the negro mammy laces up Scarlett O'Hara to the point where she can hardly breathe. And how hard it must have been for these women so tightly laced to sit down to a table fairly groaning with all sorts of the heavy foods prepared then, and barely able to breathe, let alone eat — and eat of that abundant assortment of food! In fact, women fainted quite frequently and even robust ladies affected or had bad health. "They starved to get a beautiful figure. They wore damp clothes so that they might cling the closer in modish elegance, and nearly killed themselves with tight stays."

During the reign of Queen Anne, the hoop skirt became fashionable. At first it was made of cane or willow, but later was replaced by the more flexible whalebone; and the hoop, which had been shaped as a sort of cage fastened together by strings or ribbons, was covered with cloth. "It was very cool in summer, admitting a free circulation of air, but its devotees said nothing about the draught in winter." The hoops were enormous and people had to enlarge their drawing-room doors to admit the ladies. Such gowns must have been a terrible nuisance.

The women of the time indicated their politics by wearing colored waistcoats or patches on the cheek. If a lady favored Pitt, she wore a scarlet waistcoat; if she preferred Fox, she wore buff. If she was a Tory, she had patches on her right cheek; if a Whig, on the left. Addison tells of going to an opera where the ladies in boxes on one side of

the theater wore patches on one cheek, and the women on the opposite side wore patches on the other cheek, while those in the center who "patched indifferently on both sides of their faces" seemed to be the ones who really enjoyed the opera.

The women also carried very lovely fans, beautifully and elaborately painted. They were of gauze, silk, or chicken skin; and, like the snuffboxes, oftentimes had two faces—one to be exposed in genteel company, the other, in more adventurous places. In those days a popular young lady who attended many balls or social functions made quite a hobby of collecting fans, as in our own day a similarly popular young coed delights in collecting fraternity pins.

I have gone into quite a bit of detail about the dress of eighteenth-century England. It is worth the time, for the fashion of the day was quite important. Important, not because fashion decreed the makings of just a garment to be worn, but because the styles expressed the trend of the thinking done; reflected the advantages accruing from newly acquired foreign possessions; and dominated almost all of the leisure thought of the day. In the words of G. M. Trevelyan, "The country houses and the world of fashion did more for culture and intellect than did the dormant universities."

* * * *

(The editor returns to mention his amazement that flea-filled wigs and mice-holding headdress did more for culture than did the universities. He wonders, now, if he has any right to put "pates" in the title of this paper, as if heads were of the same great importance as perukes and periwigs. Yet what avails peruke or periwig without some head's support? So he votes with Alice against the murderous White Queen—let the heads remain.)

DELAYED MOON

LOUISE WOEPPEL

LITTLE Miss Jenny Wren shook her crimped gray locks in despair. Why couldn't she remember where Mary Ellis wanted that pocket? Tiny, blue-veined hands fluttered lightly from place to place with the absurd bit of fabric, trying to recapture that fugitive memory.

It worried Miss Jenny that her memory was failing. Her birdlike fingers were as deft as ever; her beady black eyes as wise and observant as any city-born sparrow's. When she sat in a low chair, swathed in yards of fabric, she looked like a mother bird in a nest. But Miss Jenny had no wide-mouthed babies to feed. Dear, no! Her fertile mind had hatched out many a clever idea for a frock during the last quarter of a century, but her tiny body had nurtured no child of her own.

Because of her fruitful mind and clever fingers, people still came to her when their pocketbooks and their consciences would permit. She had a way of disrobing discreetly shrouded ghosts, as she robed her living customers. Her pointed nose had pried into the affairs of the best families, and her chattering tongue had regurgitated the latest scandal after she had thoroughly digested it. Usually she couldn't help learning the things she knew, any more than she could help trying to straighten out the tangled threads when she saw the snarls and knots that spoiled the pattern of some one's life.

Now she supposed she would have to go downstairs to ask Mary Ellis where she wanted that pocket. She hated to do it! Miss Jenny was a timid little bird, and Mary Ellis was the kind of person who wanted her pets to perform only at "Command Performances."

The filmy fabric slipped from Miss Jenny's fingers as she peered into space. There were some things she would never forget. She could still remember Nell Kingston's face and her wounded brown eyes the time that Arthur Gray took that Jackson girl to the Fourth of July dance. It was the year that Nell finished school and she had planned to wear a new dress, as dainty as this one. The Jackson girl just wanted another heart on her string, and Arthur Gray was the best catch in town. Even Miss Jenny realized that he was better looking, better educated, and more charming than all the other eligible men she knew. No wonder that Nell Kingston had never replaced him, even if she couldn't understand Arthur's change of heart.

Miss Jenny knew. She had been sewing for Mary Ellis, who was Mary Gray then, at the time her schoolmate, Dolly Jackson, came to visit her. How Mary did like ruffles and fuss in those days. She still did and continued to drape style sixteen dresses around the iron-boned frame that made her a perfect forty-six!

The two girls had planned clothes and plots with careless indifference to the human dictaphone who spouted pins or suggestions as required. Miss Jenny had been tiny and birdlike ten years ago, but the Jackson girl was tiny and feline. It was instinct that warned Miss Jenny of the claws hidden beneath the baby mew. When the two girls mentioned Nell Kingston, Miss Jenny knew that the claws were being sharpened, but what can a bird do, except cock its head on one side to watch and worry, while a cat is stalking its prey?

Nell Kingston fitted perfectly into Miss Jenny's picture of a lady. She always carried herself like a queen and her figure was a dressmaker's delight. For that matter, it still was. Miss Jenny knew that Nell had kept her figure, for she still made an occasional frock for the girl. Nell liked

simple lines and good materials. She wanted everything to fit as if she had been poured into her clothes. But Nell couldn't afford to employ Miss Jenny as much as she used to do . . .

How white Nell had been when she ran in to tell Miss Jenny that she needn't rush the white net; she wasn't going to the Fourth of July ball. Miss Jenny had peered over the top of the glasses that were already a part of her personality, and cocked her ruffled head wisely. "You will soon be needing it," she promised, and went right on sewing, her needle like the shuttle of fate, weaving in and out of the gossamer fabric.

Miss Jenny was right. The next day a composed, white Nell urged Miss Jenny to do her best with the frock. "It is the last one of its kind that I will need for some time," she said quietly. "I want it to be so beautiful that it will never be forgotten."

Miss Jenny thought Nell said that because Mr. Kingston's business had crashed, and Nell's social aspirations with it. She gave a cluck of sympathy and said, "Mr. Arthur will never forget you, nor the way you look in this, and he won't let others forget."

Nell seemed to turn to marble before Miss Jenny's eyes. Her voice sounded like a mountain stream, cool and clear, trickling drop by drop into the well of silence. "It will be better if he forgets, and he will. Mary is giving a party tonight, announcing the engagement of Dolly Jackson and Arthur. I heard Mary tell father about it when she came to ask for garden flowers to use as decorations. Mary is elated about it. The families have been friends for years."

Miss Jenny made one tiny cheep of sympathy, then flew out of sight. She must hurry if the net were to be

ready for the occasion. She knew that Nell would be the central figure of interest if not the center of attraction!

That evening Miss Jenny watched Nell pass the house on her way to the announcement party. She thought Nell looked like an alabaster goddess in the moonlight, with her crown of dull gold hair and her stately carriage. Miss Jenny's sharp eyes spied something sparkling on Nell's cheeks, and it couldn't be dew nor diamonds. But of course she must have imagined it, because, the next morning, over a bouquet of roses which she brought, the girl seemed unusually gay and said brightly, "The dress was lovely. I shall always be glad I had it." But Miss Jenny had never seen her wear it after that.

What a shame that Arthur Gray had been fooled by the lies and the baby-talk of Dolly Jackson. Although he was used to the sincerity of Nell and the frank honesty of Mary, Miss Jenny thought that he might have seen that the girl was as shallow as her prattling tongue indicated. Well, she mustn't think ill of the dead. Miss Jenny had heard Mary tell the maid that Mr. Gray was coming to visit, but there wouldn't be much entertaining because Mrs. Gray had been dead only six months. It was the news of Dolly's death that made Miss Jenny forget about the pocket, and reminded her of all the events leading up to Arthur's marriage.

Believing that her forgetfulness was excusable under the circumstances, Miss Jenny gave her glasses a nervous poke and set out in search of Mary, flitting down the hall with her light step. At the top of the staircase she paused. She could hear voices in the library and didn't want to intrude. As she hesitated she heard Mary's plushy tones and then a man's rumble, and it sounded like Arthur Gray!

Gripping the balustrade with clawlike fingers Miss

Jenny hopped down a few steps and peered over the top of her spectables into the room below.

It *was* Arthur Gray! How tall and strong he looked; a little heavier at forty than he had been at thirty, but still as erect and slim-waisted as he had been in his cadet days. And what a tailor he patronized; the fit of his coat across his shoulders aroused Miss Jenny's professional enthusiasm. She wondered if his tie and socks harmonized with his shirt!

The man turned in his restless pacing and Miss Jenny sighed with relief. They did! He hadn't lost his looks at all; odd that Mary should try so hard to look young and then fail at the job, when he retained his attractiveness, apparently by admitting his age and trying to live up to it. How Miss Jenny liked the pepper-and-salt of his hair! It made him resemble, more than ever, the old Judge, his father. But although the old Judge was a genial soul, with a round, cherubic countenance, Arthur's face was a granite mask of endurance with no lines from smiling to brighten it.

Miss Jenny teetered nervously on the steps. She disliked eavesdropping. What one overheard because people ignored one's presence was a different matter. An apologetic cough was tickling her throat, ready to announce her presence, when Arthur said abruptly, "Does Nell Kingston still live here?"

Mary's gurgle was a bored parody on laughter. "Of course. She has taught school ever since the crash, and kept house for her father."

"Does she look the same?" he asked eagerly. "I still remember that misty thing she wore the last time I saw her. Why that was ten years ago tonight! She was so slim and supple; in that airy stuff she looked like a water-nymph. But she seemed more like an ice princess—calm and quiet and frozen."

"I seldom see her," said Mary indifferently. "We seem to have so little in common, and she hasn't much time for social life when she works all day. I believe someone said that they didn't have a maid to do the work, so I suppose she hasn't time to keep up her social activities. She isn't the lively girl you remember, Arthur."

"I should like to see her," persisted Arthur. "There are some things that she is entitled to know."

Miss Jenny refused to listen any longer. She started forward, but her nearsighted eyes deceived her, her heel caught on the tread and she dove forward, down the steps.

Almost before she crumpled up at the bottom, Arthur Gray had reached the stairs and reached out strong arms to pick her up and carry her into the library. When Miss Jenny's eyelids fluttered open, she thought his eyes were a kindly lookout in the granite fortress of his face.

"How do you feel?" he asked anxiously. "Can you move all right?"

Miss Jenny stretched gingerly then groaned, "My ankle."

His probing finger's were as gentle as a nurse's. "It's sprained, I think. I'll call the doctor."

His anxious solicitude seemed to ease her pain. No man had shown Miss Jenny so much attention in all her lonely life. Now she smiled gratefully up into his concerned gray eyes and whispered, "Thank you."

"I'll take you home since you insist upon going," he said later, after the doctor had gone. "Let me carry you to the car." He picked up her tiny form and smothered her protests against his tweeds. Miss Jenny remembered, just in time, not to snuggle against that comfortable shoulder.

"Do you still live next to the old Kingston home?" he

asked, when Miss Jenny was luxuriously ensconced among the cushions in his big car.

She nodded. "Miss Nell still lives there. She comes in, every night, to read the paper to me."

With delightful masculine authority Mr. Arthur unlocked her door, than came back to the car to get the little crippled bird and carried her over the threshold with a flourish. "I'll send Mamie over with dinner," he announced competently. "Whom shall I call to come and take care of you?"

"I don't need anyone," said Miss Jenny hastily. She wasn't going to pay any one to come and make a cup of tea for her in the morning! "Miss Kingston will be over this evening. She will help me."

"May I call later, to see how you are?" he begged. "After all, we are responsible for your accident. We want to see that you are as comfortable as possible."

Miss Jenny's beady eyes were speculative. "I'll be glad to see you, this evening," she said. "Come any time before nine." If Arthur Gray had to have an excuse to visit Nell Kingston, she would help him get one!

When Nell Kingston rushed in later, all anxious concern, she found Miss Jenny in a fever pitch of excitement. "Guess who brought me home," she twittered.

Nell smiled indulgently. "You look as if it were Prince Charming."

"It was," chirruped Miss Jenny. "It was Arthur Gray! He carried me through the door like a bride."

A touch of sadness crept into Nell's voice. "So he has come home at last. How does he look?"

"Wonderful," carolled Miss Jenny. "And more kind-hearted than ever. Living all these years with a girl who

tricked him into marrying her seems to have made him sweeter than he used to be."

"Tricked him!" Nell's questioning brown eyes burned into Miss Jenny's wise, old black ones. "What do you mean?"

"Why, of course, she tricked him? You don't think he really loved a girl like Dolly Jackson?"

"But why did he marry her? How could she fool him? He's not easily fooled."

"Any man is easily fooled if you catch him at the right time and lie convincingly enough."

"But—but" Nell was almost speechless, for here was Jenny saying with perfect assurance the very thing she had so often dismissed as a fond and foolish dream. "But he would have found it out before this—long before this."

"Of course," Jenny was imperturbable. "Of course, but he was married then and is old fashioned enough to live up to his vows."

"Then, then," and Nell felt her long-buried hope springing forth anew. "Then I am the only one he ever really loved."

Nell's sigh was shaky, but a light that had been snuffed out ten years before, crept again into the depths of her eyes.

"Well, he's coming to see me this evening," Jenny spoke briskly. She was not one to miss the opportune moment. "Do you still have that net dress?"

Nell nodded with a shamefaced smile. "It still fits me."

"Then hurry home now and put it on. I'll get along all right. You watch for Arthur Gray. After he has come, you go out into the garden and wait in my swing. Leave the rest to me."

"But how do I know? What shall I say?" cried Nell in a panic.

"Leave that to the moon, but don't talk baby-talk!"

When Arthur Gray came expectantly up the walk he found Miss Jenny waiting in the cool living room. She had seated herself beside the window that overlooked the garden, and she waved Arthur into a chair that faced the hall door. As he settled himself for the evening she began to twitter about the local gossip of the past decade. If he found her company less than he had expected, he gave no sign of it, but lingered on as if he were loathe to leave. When the moon began to paint everything silver, Miss Jenny grew restless. She cocked her head so that she could watch the Kingston gate without turning, but her fluttering hands and the constant motion of her rocking chair betrayed her excitement.

When she finally caught a glimpse of something white flitting down the path, she stopped rocking and said with a triumphant gleam in her eyes that belied her words, "Will you forgive me if I seem sleepy? I've had a hard day—."

Arthur's gallantry brought him to his feet at once. "I hadn't realized how late it is. Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"Yes," said Miss Jenny promptly, teetering on the edge of her rocker. "Would you mind running out to the arbor in the garden for me? I've left a really valuable gift on the seat of the swing out there. The moon is bright, and anyway you do remember the old arbor well, don't you?"

Arthur's lips curved tenderly in a reminiscent smile. "I'll tell you a secret. It used to be the favorite retreat for Nell Kingston and me. We used to keep that rocker moving into the wee small hours ten years ago. It will seem like old times being out there under the moon once again."

And some time later Miss Jenny, hobbling around to another window to get a better view, decided that it was, indeed, like old times.

"WESTERN DEMOCRAT"

By JACK MULLEN

A book with political intrigue as its subject is likely to be found interesting only to those who have shared the experiences set forth or who have had a ring-side seat at the performance. But here is a book that will be enjoyed by all that share the "western" spirit. It is as homey as an open fire-place, and as down to earth as sage brush.

Many have expressed surprise at the readability and the sometimes poetic quality of the book, but to those who knew Arthur Mullen well, it was less unexpected. He was a lover of fine books and good poetry, and he read extensively. It was not uncommon to find him absorbed in a book, reading into the early hours of the morning. At other times when the mood struck him, he would quote stanza after stanza from one of his favorite Irish poets. This love and interest in poetry is evidenced by the following quotation from his book:

John Byrnes was waiting for me when I came downstairs the other day. To my surprise I found he'd been reading a volume of verse. "I never thought I'd live to see this day," I told him.

"You never can tell what a man will do before he dies." He kept his finger in the place in the book. "Besides, this boy says something I've been thinking a long time and couldn't get into words."

"Vicarious swearing?"

"You and I've never needed any one else to do our swearing for us. Listen to this:

'I bewail my sins, both known and
unknown,

THE CREIGHTON QUARTERLY

And of those I have injured for-
givenness seek.' ”

“It sounds Irish.”

“Of course it's Irish. Who else but an Irish-
man would say this?

‘The men who were wicked to me
and mine

(Not quenching a wrong, nor in
war nor wine)

I forgive and absolve them all
save three,

And may Christ in his mercy be
kind to me.’ ”

Mullen's success in politics was probably due to his keen insight into human nature. For example he said, “The smaller the man the deeper his resentment is toward the person who catapults him into high office. Only big men can stand the moral burden of obligation.”

He writes of his early admiration for the late William Jennings Bryan, and of the battle to break the strangle hold of the railroads on the courts and politics of Nebraska. The Bryan-Mullen feud changed the whole course of Nebraska politics for years and its effect will be felt for many more.

The high point of Mullen's career as a politician came when he was asked to be floor leader for the Roosevelt forces at the 1932 democratic convention in Chicago. Ironically enough, the high point of the convention did not come in the convention hall amid much excitement, but rather, took place in a little hamburger stand in the wee small hours of the morning as two Irishmen, Connally of Texas, and Mullen of Nebraska, ate meat on Friday and decided to ask Garner to

run for vice-president . . . a move which would swing Texas to Roosevelt and cinch the nomination. As the agreement took place, Connally said: "It's a bargain. We can iron out the details during the day. Please pass the mustard."

After the election was over, there was the usual rush for cabinet posts, and most observers saw Arthur Mullen as attorney general. Though he was highly recommended and a recognized friend of the President, the appointment never came about and the position went to Walsh of Montana. And Mullen writes, "I had no desire for the post." His wife told him it was God's will, to which he answered, "It was more than that, it was God's blessing. Looking back on the Washington I came to know, I realize how completely I was not the man for the post. I had too much western impatience and too much Irish impetuosity for successful correlation in any cabinet office."

Mullen was proud of his work in getting Cordell Hull appointed as secretary of state, but as for Ickes, "I was responsible—and may God forgive me—for the appointment of Harold Ickes as secretary of the interior."

Contrary to popular opinion, Mullen was a lawyer first and a politician second. This is evident first of all from the fact that the preface of the book is the citation of Loyola University on the famous "Language Case" at the time the university conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on him. In the book proper, he says:

Through 1923 I spent a large part of my time going through fourteen Middle Western states, the great agricultural region of the country. My mission wasn't political. Although you may doubt it from this chronical of politics, my interest in public affairs has never been professional. Politics has been my hobby, and some one has aptly said that

the difference between a horse and a hobby is that you can get off a horse. The law has been my true vocation. It was only because laws, both in enactment and in enforcement, have been bad that I have kept messing around with attempts to change them. I've invalidated more laws passed by legislature of Nebraska than any other two lawyers in the state.

Another man for whom Mullen had little use was Nebraska's own son, the senior senator, George Norris. He supported Norris in 1936 at the request of Roosevelt, but he realized he made a mistake when he wrote:

Norris was as Hamiltonian as Hamilton himself. He should never have been associated with the democratic party, and he has been as much of a liability to us Nebraska democrats as has Henry Wallace, who appointed republicans as county agents and who operated the farm plank of the republican platform of 1932. Norris has also been, from my point of view, a liability to all Nebraska in his attitude toward the power projects of our state and to the democratic party in his injection of federalist principles of national concentration into our political development.

Perhaps the most criticism Arthur Mullen ever received was over the question of National Committeemen practicing law in Washington. Rumors were circulated about Washington to the effect that certain of these men were selling their influence in certain cases. He went at once to see the President and asked him if the rumor involved his name. The President assured him that it had not. But as time went on, there was so much pressure put on the President, that he appealed to Mullen's friendship to help him out of a bad spot.

Mullen resigned. That he later regretted this action is apparent when he says:

Looking back, I know now that I should have fought out that issue then and there. Membership on the Democratic National Committee for Nebraska come by election from the people of the party in the state, not by Presidential appointment. . . . It was my duty to the Nebraska electorate to hold the place to which it had . . . elected me in 1932. . . . I confused that duty, however, with another duty, that of obtaining material aid for the people of my state. . . . I made the mistake of choosing their immediate welfare instead of maintaining their political independence by asserting my own.

He criticized the President's appointment of Justice Black because he believed that no matter how fine a judge Black may be, no case involving religious liberty could go on trial in that court without arousing the indignation and suspicion of all the races and religions which had, at one time or another, been attacked by the Klan of which he was a member. Mullen further says that any suspicion or lack of good faith in the highest court in the land, will be an important factor in the amount of confidence the American people have in their government.

Even here we notice that Mullen was not so much concerned with the particular action, the appointment, but to what this action would lead. He was a farsighted man, always looking into the future. Though he knew that his work was done, he expresses the hope, nay, conviction that democracy will never die.

My hand, holding aloft a wavering torch which was passed to me by better men, weakens. I shall

do little more to keep the light alive. But, because I believe that no cause of freedom ever wholly dies, I know that others will keep burning the flame of our Western Democracy.

They will travel high roads and hard roads. They will fight in the dust and the storm. They will meet resistance and disillusionment. They will fall in defeat, and rise in rage. They will battle with blood in their eyes.

But they will keep on.

That is the story of America.

The right of free men to love and earn a livelihood; to keep their children free; to fight if they must; to win if they can.

This is democracy.

FLYING HIGH

By JOHN R. SCALZO

IN the past twenty years aviation has made remarkable progress. It has changed from an infant industry with cowpasture landing fields and flying apple crates to one of the largest and most profitable industries. This comparatively new and rapidly growing industry has a need for trained men in its many branches. Not only does it need pilots, but it needs mechanics, engineers, and technicians of many types and varieties. The industry needs men: and it is getting them, for it has the appeal which draws men to it.

Why fly? Well, I'll tell you. Flying is a game. It tempts the human. It is unnatural. When you're up there in the sky, all the world below seems small and insignificant. You leave behind the dirty and the commonplace and enter into a new world. Have you ever seen a sunset from 10,000 feet up? If not, you have missed one of the most beautiful and awe-inspiring sights imaginable. The deep red rays of the setting sun piercing the fluffy clouds send a thrill down to your toes. You point the nose of your ship into the setting sun and feel that you would like to sail on and on into that gloriously golden disk. The sky at sunset is all but deserted, and as you glide through the cool evening air with the last rays of the sun on your wings, you may see a solitary hawk swooping and gliding, and often you are tempted to wave and say, "Hello, you," to this companion of the empty wastes.

When you fly, you seem to be answering a challenge. A challenge, loud and clear, flung at you as though it were the mailed gauntlet of some feudal knight. There seems to be a goddess in the sky, a stern and forbidding diety, who looks in anger and surprise to see her realm encroached upon. Sometimes in her anger she roars and flashes at the up-

starts who dare intrude upon her solitude, and in her anger dashes some of the upstarts to the earth, the petty earth, and to their death upon the insignificant speck of dust that whirls through her and which she must tolerate. But each victim that she fells brings forth a hundred new avengers, some to sally forth and win, some to strike and run away, and others who fall as if smote by the steel lancehead of the Black Prince.

The goddess of the sky will always take her toll; but she can never conquer all, for each day her adversaries gain in strength and number, and fight with better planes and greater knowledge. Not just to a chosen few is the battle limited, but to a great host from all walks of life. A challenge has been flung and they come to answer it. And so you say, "Why fly?" To answer a challenge. A challenge of adventure, thrill, and even death!

The process of flying is simple and yet complicated. Actual flying is relatively simple, but the many different branches or parts of flying make it complex and difficult. Any man with normal ability can fly a plane, but it takes a real man to be a pilot. And when you hear them say of you or of someone else, "He is a real pilot," then you can say to yourself, "Well done!"

The first time you enter a plane you begin to have serious doubts that you really want to fly. The ship that has been assigned to you looks like a large model that some teenage boy might have built. However, be of stout heart, as it is one of the finest and most precisely engineered pieces of mechanism in the world. It has passed every test and strain in the drafting rooms and the laboratory, and finally has been thoroughly tested in the air. You climb in and the tiny four cylinder motor roars. Out on the field you go. Your instructor tells you to relax—just try it if you can. Soon you are in the air and you feel a little better—you have to

because you know now that you can't get out and walk. Lazily you circle the field to gain altitude. The ship responds to the controls which the instructor touches very lightly. Gradually the tense feeling begins to wear off and you start to relax; just at this moment the instructor tells you to take the stick. You freeze for a minute, and then respond to his order. The ship wobbles and he yells over the roar of the motor. This adds to your confusion and the ship looks like a drunken sailor rolling in the breeze. After a few times around the field you feel the controls taken from you and are you happy! You come down, and you hold your breath as you are landing. In that brief space of time all the thrilling movies of planes crashing flash to your mind; all the dime novels that you read several years past haunt you. Unconsciously you brace yourself, and—nothing happens. The ship settles down as smoothly and easily as if you were in a feather bed. And your first lesson is over.

Next follow many days of hard work. Gradually the tension wears off; you feel more at home in the sky. Turn and bank, take-offs and landings, that's what you do. "Don't look over the nose when landing," you hear your instructor say. "Fly your plane; don't let it fly you." Off the ground, around the field you go, and down again. This keeps up and you think that you will never learn to fly. Each time something else goes wrong. Your right wing was down too low! You came in too fast! "Level your ship off, do you want to fly it into the ground." shouts your instructor. "Try it again, you block head, and make it good this time." Up you go and this time you undershoot the field, and had it not been for the instructor taking over, you might have had a pair of cow horns decorating the front of your plane. Nevertheless, don't be discouraged, you really are improving. Your instructor isn't angry with you. He only wants to make a "real pilot" out of you. As you progress, you assimilate more knowledge, take more into consideration, and in time you will have

the landings down perfect. You don't believe me? Well, wait and see.

You have had about seven and one-half hours flying time; you are almost ready to solo. This day when you appear at the field you are greeted by your instructor who hands you a parachute. "You'll do all the flying this trip," he says, and you turn green. Well, now you do or die. If you are tall, as I am, your head rubs against the top of the cabin, with the extra cushion that the parachute forms. This adds greatly to your discomfort. The instructor pulls the old joke which at this point isn't very funny. He says, "Now if we have to bail out and your chute doesn't work, just tell me and we'll take it back and get another one." You're supposed to laugh at this, but you don't. He also cautions you that if you feel sick, not to open the window on your left as you might find it unpleasant to have your lunch blown back in your face. The reason for this is that the "wash" or the torque of the prop is to the left, which causes a slight breeze on that side.

You go up and spin and stall. These maneuvers are simpler than you thought. You might feel a little sick, but you grin back and keep up a front. A few stalls and spins and it is all over for the day. You land, log your time, and *crawl* into your car. You make it home and perhaps upon reaching home wish that you were dead. It won't last, however; you will be flying again tomorrow.

The great day arrives. You are to "solo," actually take a ship up alone. A great thrill surges through your body. You walk to your ship and get in it. The motor is turning over at an idle pace. A few parting instructions from your teacher. These only add to the confusion which has begun to come over you, and you soon forget them.

Out on the runway you go. Taxi into the wind; for a moment you sit there listening to the ticking of your engine.

You look over the side at your instructor. He grins and waves—you push the throttle wide open—shove the stick forward—the plane rolls into motion—back comes the stick, and you are in the air. You climb to a thousand feet, circle the field and start to land. This is the test. You would like to circle again, but you don't. Your guts stick with you and you shut off your motor—down you come. Oh! If you could only apply the brakes as in a car. You seem to be moving too fast. The ground rushes up to meet you. You level off and ease back on the stick—a gust of wind springs up—panic—but only for a moment—the ship settles down, and then you feel good mother earth under your wheels. Not a perfect landing, but a good one. You have “soloed”! Your instructor seems almost human today. And perhaps he is not so bad after all.

After soloing comes thirty-six more hours of hard work in the air. This is also solo, but with an occasional check flight. Soon you are ready for your cross-country flight. Boy, will that be something! Off you start, and about half-way to your destination you begin to wonder if you will get lost. You don't, for you haven't studied many a long hour for nothing, and you land at your destination safe and sound.

The days have come and gone; you have worked hard and studied much; the great day has arrived. You are taking your final test for your license. First, a written and then an actual demonstration of your baility. You look at the questions; they seem hard and they are. But you are prepared. You finish and go out to make your test flight. You are a little nervous to have a government inspector in the plane with you.

It's all over, you land, look at the inspector, trembling for fear that he will put thumbs down. He doesn't though. He laughs and says, “O. K.” Then all the hard work is forgotten, the sickening feeling of the spins, the harsh words of

your instructor—all is gone. You are a pilot, and, if you do say so yourself, a good pilot.

And so another one has joined the ranks of the avengers, another one to answer the challenge of the sky goddess. You say, "Why fly?" I say "another real pilot" is the answer. To hear a challenge and to answer it is a real reason for flying.

Flying high, eagles all of them, flying high to answer the challenge of the goddess of the sky.

Highway, Hi Stranger, Highball, "High"

MARY K. BURKE

ROBERTA Porter straightened her hat before the rear-vision mirror, put the coupe in gear, and waved good-bye to her brother as he strolled into the Biltmore Hotel. Then off she sailed. She was a safe driver even if, according to the New York Traffic Court, a fast one. But suddenly she clutched the wheel and slammed on the brakes. Her car swerved and slid to a stop. Slowly she settled back in the seat and sighed long and loud. She had not hit him. He had scuttled back to the sidewalk and was standing there with a very amazed look on his dark handsome face. For some reason, the very sight of him made her angry. What had he been thinking of? Roberta slipped out of the coupe and glared at him.

"For Heaven's sake! Will you please tell me what you were trying to do?" she cried.

"Well now, M'am, I reckon I was just trying to get to the other side of the street!" he drawled.

Roberta's mouth dropped open. The audacity of the man! After she had just saved his life, gone into a skid, even set her pretty hat askew. And it had been his fault too! She felt like telling him just what was in her mind. But then she was a lady, and ladies do not say such things. She choked a little as she held back the words.

"Look," she said as she pointed up to the traffic light. "That is red. It means stop. But it does not mean stop for me. It was doing its darndest to tell *you* to stop! And to top it all, your mother should have told you long ago never to step out from behind a parked car without looking first to the left, and then to the right."

The man took off his hat and scratched his head as he

grinned at her. "By golly! I bet I'll know better—now that you have told me all this."

Roberta gasped and climbed back into the car. It was just too much. She shifted and started off. Where had he been all his life? Even her eight-year-old sister knew how to cross a street.

Alan B. Collins, A.B.C. they called him back at the ranch, could not help the slight whistle that came to his lips as she drove off. If she was a sample of the young womanhood the city had to offer, he might stay longer than he planned. She was a pretty, but wild little colt. It was too bad she had gone off again before he had a chance to know her. Not that Alan would ever think of picking up a girl. He had too much respect for women to do that. At least his mother had taught him *that* much. But he was a little lonely, even though he never admitted it to the gang back home.

Alan had packed his suitcases the day of his twenty-first birthday, just as his three elder brothers had done before him. Then, after kissing his mother good-bye, and shaking hands with his father and brothers, he had started off for New York. Mrs. Collins had been born and bred in the big city. She never went back to it any more; she had not done so for fifteen years. But she still had a small secret longing for it, even though she only showed it by her insistence that each of her boys make a visit to the city of her birth on his twenty-first birthday. Three boys she had sent in the past five years, and three had come back. It was with a little pain in her heart that she sent her youngest son, her baby. Alan loved excitement and all that was new. She kissed him long and hard when he left, more than a little afraid that he might not come back.

But Alan was going back, or at least had been planning to do so before he had seen the little wild-cat. Then he was not quite sure. He had an eye for the women, even though

he felt big and awkward in their presence, and more than a little shy. But take the little blond in the big blue coupe! He did not feel shy around her. He was willing to bet he could say and do what he really wanted around her, and she would know just how to act. She would not blush furiously or act embarrassed if he accidentally let slip a word he would not dare let slip around the girls back home. He had a good idea that she almost let slip some pretty good words herself a few minutes ago. He might even be able to feel completely at home with her. But that was too bad, for she had gone, and the city was large. Oh well, he had other things to see and do. For some time he had been reading of the motion pictures that now talked, and he was going to see one. His brothers had told him not to miss them. They had told him a lot about the city. Come to think about it, they had told him about the red and green lights. He should have remembered to watch for them.

That night, after the movie, and after dinner in the main dining room of the Biltmore, Alan decided to dress up and see if he could find the girl with the coupe. He did not hold out much hope, but at least it would give him something to do. The past two evenings he had spent either in sleep or in the Biltmore lobby. But he had heard that the city at night was a sight to see, and he was going to see it.

He stood before the mirror in his room and surveyed himself. He knew he looked all right. His brothers had seen to it that he picked the right clothes from the mail-order catalogue. They had taught him the city way to wear a tie, and though they told him it was better to go bareheaded than wear his ten-gallon hat, he was going to take it. It made him feel better. He did not miss home quite so much when he had it.

He walked down the stairs (not yet quite trusting the elevators), through the lobby, and out to the street. There he stood, wondering where to go. He felt his nerve slip and

went back into the lobby. The city was a big place. What if he lost his way? It would be hard on a stray. He wandered around the lobby, looking at magazines, and even buying another unneeded package of cigarettes.

"What's the matter. A.B.C.? Lost your nerve? I thought they claimed you were the bravest man in the southwest. You aren't going to let this get you down, are you?" his conscience kept asking him.

Alan told the conscience to be still. It was not that he was afraid, or had lost his nerve. It was just that there was nothing to do. Why, he might as well go to bed. Night was meant for sleeping anyway. Any fool knew that much. But his conscience got the better of him, and he went out on the sidewalk again.

He lit a cigarette and stood there awhile. The colored doorman eyed him curiously. Alan tried to pretend it was his imagination; but he soon knew it was not.

"Waiting for someone, suh?" the doorman asked after a couple of minutes.

"Uh-h, yes I am." Alan thought it a good excuse. The doorman might think it queer if he just stood there.

"Well, I'll tell you, suh. It's pretty chilly. Why don't you jest tell me who to look for? You go on into the lobby and I'll call you when they comes."

It was as good a reason as any to get back into the lobby. So Alan nodded saying as he started back into the hotel, "A little blond girl, with a big blue coupe."

He sighed with relief and settled down in a large chair in the lobby. Putting out his cigarette, he picked up a magazine that lay by the chair, and was all ready for a nice comfortable evening in reading when the doorman stepped to his side.

"She's here, suh, and she asked that you please hurry. She said to tell you the party started early."

Alan looked up blankly. "Who's here?"

"The blond girl with the blue coupe, suh!"

Alan's eyes snapped open wide. "What!" he roared. But at the startled look in the eyes of the colored man, he smiled and reached for a coin. Always tip a servant for whatever service he might do you, his brothers had warned. He started for the street. After all, he had asked the door-man to tell him when she came. But he had no idea what he would say to the girl.

There was the car, but he could not see the girl very well. She had her back to him and was trying to repair her mouth by the dim light of the dashboard. He opened the door.

"It's about time!" she said, but she did not turn around. "Hurry, get in!"

He climbed in and she snapped shut her compact. She turned to him, and slowly her mouth dropped open. Yes, she was the same girl. He recognized her now. Her mouth had dropped that way earlier in the day. "You!" she cried.

Alan took off his sombrero and scratched his head. "Yes m'am, I reckon it is," he said with a shy grin.

Roberta laughed. She could not help it. He seemed so embarrassed, and not half so comfortable as she. She could not be angry with him. Even this afternoon she had received a kick out of the way he took off that silly hat and scratched his head.

Alan laughed, too, though he would not have been able to say why. He knew he was not feeling much like laughing just then. He was scared, and ready to admit it. Scared by this little slip of a girl. But her laugh was so infectious that he had to join her.

"How did you get here?" Roberta finally asked with a grin.

Alan felt better when he saw that grin. He felt more like his old self. "Well now, I reckon I might ask you the same thing!"

Roberta laughed again. She loved the way he said 'reckon'. "I came to pick up my brother. The door-man said a man was waiting for me, so I thought it was he. How did you know I would be here?"

Alan blushed. "I guess I didn't. The door-man asked if I was looking for someone, and as I didn't know anyone else in town, I said a blond girl with a blue coupe. How was I to know you *would* show up? I just reckon I wouldn't have said it if I had!"

"I'm glad you did say it!" And Roberta was surprised to find she meant it. She rather liked this tall, lanky stranger. "You are new here, aren't you? Do you mean to say that *I am* the only one you know?"

"That's right, m'am. I've only been here for a couple of days. I don't know anyone yet."

"You must be pretty lonely!"

Alan slowly climbed from the coupe. "I reckon I am, a little. I'm sorry I bothered you."

"Wait a minute. Maybe you could say I am trying to pick you up, but are you doing anything this evening?" She leaned out of the car.

"There are some magazines in the lobby."

"Would you prefer them to a party?"

Alan grinned. "I reckon I wouldn't, m'am."

"Climb back in, stranger." Alan crawled in. Roberta started the motor, then stopped it again. "My brother! I

almost forgot! Wait here a minute." She jumped from the car and was gone. But she was back in a moment.

"Where's your brother?" Alan asked as she started the motor again.

"Well now, I reckon he has just gone on without me!" she mimicked, and was sorry until she saw he did not seem to find anything queer with her speech. "You aren't afraid to go to the party alone with me, are you?" she laughed.

Alan blushed again. And he had thought he would feel at home with this young woman! He did, but she still made him blush. He decided that any young woman would make him blush. "No," was all he answered.

They did not speak for several minutes; then it was Roberta who broke the silence. "Do you have a name, stranger?" she asked.

"Well now, I reckon I do. It's Alan B. Collins. What is yours?"

"Well now, Alan B. Collins, I reckon mine is Roberta L. Porter," she answered.

That time Alan knew she was mimicking him, but did not really care. She was too nice to mean a slight by it. She was just teasing him, and he reckoned he could take a teasing as well as the next man.

Again they drove on in silence, and once again Roberta broke it. "Where do you come from?" she asked.

"Western Texas. I've lived there all my life. Just came east for a visit. You'll have to forgive me, as I don't know much about your city life. Reckon that is why I was so dumb this afternoon. I'm sorry."

Roberta reached over and patted his hand. "I'm sorry too. Shall we just forget about it?"

"Sure thing!" Alan agreed eagerly.

Roberta drew up before a tall apartment house. They climbed out and the girl gave the car keys to a door-man who stood beside them. Alan liked door-men. They made him feel important; a thing he had not felt since he first came to New York. He resisted an urge to see just how tall this building was. He had spent a good part of his first two days doing that; then he had noticed the amused glances he was receiving from the passers-by. But it was a big building. He could tell that by raising his eyes without tilting his head.

Roberta joined him then, and they went inside. She headed for the elevators. He wanted to suggest they walk up, but somehow felt she might think him silly. So he kept quiet, and except for a sudden gasp, which he could not quite suppress, took the ride up very well. In a very short time they came to a stop. When the operator softly announced the forty-first floor, Alan forgot he was a gentleman and left the elevator ahead of Roberta. Forty-one floors was a long, long way to fall.

They walked down the hall towards the noise and music that floated out to them. Roberta had her hand tucked through his arm, almost as if she thought he might decide to bolt. She gave a light tap on the door and opened it. Alan made up his mind to go through with this thing, even though he had been losing his nerve since they first climbed from the coupe forty-one floors below. Perhaps Roberta sensed it, for she gave his arm a small reassuring squeeze as she led him into the room. The noise was as bad as a herd of cattle on the loose back on the ranch. In a way it was worse. At least he could think when the cattle made the noise. He could not when it was a mixture of human voices and loud music.

Some man was hugging Roberta as he put a glass into her hand. Alan saw red, and started for him until he saw

that Roberta was laughing. Then he knew it was all right, though it seemed odd to him. The man was introduced as Richard Tinley, a playwright. He had a pleasant grin, and Alan liked him at once.

Tinley handed him a glass. Roberta had disappeared, so Alan sat on the edge of a chair and sipped the drink. He had never touched whiskey before; not that he was a prig, but because he never felt the urge to do so. Everyone else was drinking, so if that was the order for the evening he would follow. He finally saw Roberta. She was dancing and seemed to be having a good time. He finished his drink and looked for a place to put the empty glass. Someone took it from his hand and gave it back to him almost at once. It was full again, so rather than sit there with nothing to do, he drank it.

Then some pretty little girl came up to him and asked him to dance. He had always felt he was not much at dancing, but this evening it seemed easier and more fun. He put his heart into it. He remembered going with the girl for another whiskey and soda. After that they danced again, and went back for still another drink. Things grew a little hazy after that when he later tried to remember all he had done. He knew he danced a great deal. But he had a wonderful time, and thought this crowd the grandest bunch he had ever met. They were all friendly. He liked the big city, and it liked him.

He awoke the next morning with some tune roaring around in his head. The roar turned into a buzz by his side. He turned to it, and slowly reached for the telephone.

"Hello," he murmured sleepily.

"How is the life of the party?" came a cheery voice.

"Huh?"

"This is Roberta. How do you feel this morning?" she laughed.

"Reckon I don't feel quite as good as you sound. But I don't really know. I just woke up." He wished the buzzing in his head would stop so he could hear her better. She sounded pretty far away.

"Did you have a good time last night?"

"Reckon I did. Say, how did I get in bed? Last I remember was a lot of noise and dancing." He was worried. It was the first time in his life he could not remember going to bed.

"Dick Tinley and I put you there!"

Alan blushed furiously, and almost hung up. He did not want to talk to her. He never wanted to see her again. He wanted to go home. *She* had put him to bed! "What!" was all he could roar.

Roberta's laughter only managed to fluster Alan more. "Don't get worried," she giggled. "You were practically clothed when we left you."

Alan threw off the blankets. He did still have on some of the clothes, and the rest were on the chair by the bed. It was not quite as bad as he had expected. Maybe he could face her, but he was not so sure he would feel very good about it.

"Reckon I made pretty much of a fool of myself. Guess you were ashamed of me!" he muttered.

But Roberta was serious when she answered. "No, I wasn't, Alan. They liked you a great deal. Jane Farris is having a party at her apartment this evening and promised to skin me alive if I didn't bring you along. Want to go with me?"

"I don't know Jane Farris."

"You just don't remember her. She is small and dark.

You danced with her a great deal." She sounded just a little bitter when she said that, but he did not notice it.

He agreed to go, hung up, and decided to get dressed. He sat up. No, he did not feel as good as Roberta sounded. His head felt as it had the day his horse threw him against the fence back at the ranch. What had his mother done for that? He could not remember, so he took a cold shower and called it quits. It made him feel better. He would never again laugh at some of the ranch-hands the morning after pay-day. He couldn't take it any better than they could.

The party that night was calmer, and drinking was not as heavy as it had been the night before. Jane took possession of Alan the minute he arrived. He did not know her at all, but Jane seemed to know him pretty well. She took him off to a corner and gave him a drink. Whiskey and soda again. He did not drink much of it. Instead he sat there and held the glass most of the time. It was not hard to talk with Jane, but it was more than a little frightening to find her so instructed as to his past life. He could not remember just how much he had told her. Not that he had much to hide; but it was disconcerting to feel that he was repeating his stories.

So they danced. Dancing came more naturally. He must have done quite a lot of it the night before. Roberta came and got him after one dance. Later there was another dance with Jane, and when she took him out on her balcony, he had a nice talk with her. He did wish though that she would not stand quite so close to him. Roberta rescued him from that too, and he had something more for which to be grateful to her. She looked just a little angry, so he asked her if he had done anything wrong. They were dancing when he asked her, and she tightened her arm a little around his neck. He liked it, and was surprised.

"Of course not, Alan," she whispered. "I don't think I could get angry at you."

Alan grinned down at her. "I don't reckon I could ever get mad at you either," he answered, and kept looking at her. She had pretty eyes. The more he looked at her the prettier she grew and the more her eyes seemed to sparkle. He had an urge to kiss her. That frightened him, and he agreed readily when Roberta suggested they go home at the end of the dance.

Roberta did not take Alan home right away. They drove along the Hudson, and when they came to a lovely spot, Roberta stopped the car and they climbed out. It seemed natural that they should hold hands as they strolled along, watching the moon-rays on the water. It seemed natural that Alan should catch Roberta when she stumbled, hold her close, and then, the most natural thing of all, that he should kiss her. She clung to him, her lips on his, and he wanted her there forever. He could not remember releasing her or walking back to the car. He only knew he was climbing in beside her, and they could no longer see the moon on the river, for she had started the motor and they were spinning along the highway again. And suddenly it was as if it had not happened, and Alan was embarrassed.

The moon had done it. It was said to do such things to young people. But he had seen the moon before, and it had never made him feel quite that way. They drove in silence until Roberta drew up before the hotel. When Alan got out, the girl held out her hand to him.

"That was my fault, Alan," she whispered. She knew he was embarrassed, and it had been her fault so why not tell him so? She had willed it, and it had happened.

"I-I reckon it was all my fault," he mumbled, and before she could say more had slammed the door and was hurrying into the lobby.

Mechanically Roberta started the car. "I'm in love with

that big, over-grown boy," she thought. It had never happened before. She had just about decided it would never happen. And then, there it was; and there she was with her head in the skies and her heart in Alan's hands. And he would not know what to do with it. He would not even know he had it.

Almost a week went by and Alan did not see Roberta. But he was not lonely even though he did often miss her. Jane took him into hand and kept his day filled with lunches for two, cocktail parties, dinners, the theater, and after theater get-togethers. Though Alan looked for Roberta every evening, he was always just a little relieved when he did not find her. He had enough to worry about when he was with Jane, who rushed him so eagerly that he became uncomfortable. But he managed to keep his head and stuck it out until the night he arrived at a party with Jane and found Roberta there. He almost went back out the door again. He was not at ease at all. Yet Roberta seemed glad to see him. Before he knew it, he was dancing with her while Jane watched them with stormy eyes. Then he was out on the balcony with Roberta and did not know how he got there. It was the last place in the world he wanted to be. He wanted to go home.

Roberta never seemed to close in on him the way Jane did. Rather it seemed as if he was closing in on her, and this frightened him even more. He bolted and went back to the hotel.

Back in his room, he began to pack. He would arrive home two weeks early, but did not care. He was falling in love. He knew it and did not like the idea. He never wanted to fall in love. He wanted to go back to the ranch where there were his kind of noise, and his kind of parties. Back there, perhaps, he would let himself remember Roberta; he might even get a heartache or two. But right now he was not

going to think about her. He would wait until he was home; until he was safe.

But he had not reckoned on Roberta. The first thing he knew, she was standing there in his room, grinning at him. He never knew how she got there. He did not even wonder at it. She was there and that was all there was to it.

"Alan!" she whispered. "Were you going to leave without telling me?"

Her tone was just a little accusing.

"Eh-h, yes. Well, I reckon I have to leave now, and in a hurry. Mother is ill. Poor old Mom! She wants me home."

There was a little gleam in Roberta's eyes. "You poor boy!" she sympathized. "Here, let me help. We'll get you off as fast as we possibly can." She began taking his underthings from the bureau drawers.

Alan flushed furiously. He could do his own packing. But Roberta went right ahead. In fact she did not leave much for him to do. She just asked him to bring his things to her, and she did the rest. She did it swiftly. Almost as if she wanted him to go. He rebelled. He changed his mind. He would not go after all. He tried to tell her that several times, but each time she interrupted to say she knew how his mother must feel to have him so far away at a time like this.

When she asked the time his train was to leave, Alan had to admit he didn't know. She picked up the phone and called the ticket office. "Come on, hurry!" she said after she had put the phone down. "There's a train in half an hour. I'll drive you down."

But Alan insisted on a taxi. He even asserted himself so far as to call one and tell the man to be waiting at the door in five minutes. Roberta went down to the lobby with him.

and after the porter had piled the bags into the taxi, she climbed in.

"Gosh, Roberta!" Alan objected as he tried to hold her out of it. "I reckon you won't have to go down to the station with me. I'm going!"

"Why, Alan, of course you are!" she laughed and she climbed in anyway. "I can see you off, can't I?"

He reckoned she could and there was nothing more he dared say about it. They rode in silence and when the taxi came to a stop and the door swung open, there was the noisy station alive with people. Alan was afraid. He was leaving Roberta. This time he did not protest when she went with him. He wanted her there. When she walked with him into the station, it was almost as if she dragged him along. He wanted to go back to the cab for another ride. He knew he would have a lot to say to her then. He must have hung back, for her hand grew more insistent on his arm.

At the ticket office, Alan slowly took out his wallet. "Roberta, I don't think I want to go."

She was shocked. "Of course you want to go!" she cried with spirit. "Your poor mother wants you, dear." she added softly. "Here, give that to me." She grabbed the wallet from his hand and stepped up to the window.

He let her buy the ticket. It no longer mattered what she did. Since she wanted him to go, he would go. He would not stay if he were not wanted.

She came back to him and they walked down to the tracks. His heart was racing. He knew now that he was really going away. Away from New York, and away from Roberta. He would never see her again. Why was he going? There was no reason that he should. He would not go! He turned to her.

"I'm not going!" he blurted out.

"But, Alan, your mother!" she wailed. She was close to him and her eyes were wide.

He grabbed her shoulders and shook her. "I'm not going! I can't go. Do you think I could leave you here? Do you think I could go, knowing I will never see you again? I'd go crazy back home because I met a girl and then got cold feet and scooted when I found I loved her." He did not know what he was saying; he did not care.

"Alan!" she whispered. Or maybe he just thought she whispered his name, for there she was in his arms and her lips were hard against his.

He did not realize she had gone with him up to the little vestibule of the train and was clinging to him again there. He did not hear the "All aboard." He did not know a thing but Roberta until the porter came up to them softly from behind.

"Which ever one of youse is gittin' off had better git!" he announced. "We is leavin' now."

Alan jumped. "We're both getting off!" he yelled.

But Roberta put her arms up about him again, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes as she shook her head. "Neither of us is getting off," and she waved a couple of tickets in the porter's face. "I'm sorry, dear," she whispered to Alan. "I'm afraid I spent a great deal of your money. But I just didn't have enough with me for *my* ticket."

"But—" Alan did not finish, for her mouth shut in the words. He could not remember what he was going to say anyway. It did not matter. He reckoned nothing much was ever going to matter again.

The porter just stood there and blinked. He could have sworn they were saying good-bye.